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ENGLAND AND THE SEA

BY DAVID MORTON

These are great lovers: one a jewelled queen
 In whom unalterably the white flame burns;
 And one a moody changeling, gray and green,
 Savage and tender, cruel and kind by turns.
 With what a gift of tall and stately ships,
 With what sweet promise that was rich and good,
 Has England wooed those bright and bitter lips,
 Counting the cost but as a lover should.

I have known men who loved the craggy peaks
 That brothered them with stars and made them wise,
 And men who loved a valley and its creeks,
 Or plains more fair than woman to their eyes;
 Yet had I never known such love could be
 As this, where England gazes on the sea.

I TOO HAVE LOVED

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I, too, have loved the Greeks, the Hero-sprung,
 The glad, spoiled children of Posterity:
 Have closed my eyes, more near their shrines to be,
 Have hushed my heart, to hear their epics sung.
 Upon their golden accents I have hung,
 With Thyrsis wooed to vales of Sicily,
 And Homer, blind, has given me to see
 Olympus, where the deathless Gods were young.

But still, that one remembering with awe
 Whose vision deeper than all others saw,
 I feel the dearer debt my spirit owes
 To him, who towers, peerless and sublime,
 The noblest, largest intellect of Time,
 Born where the English Avon softly flows.